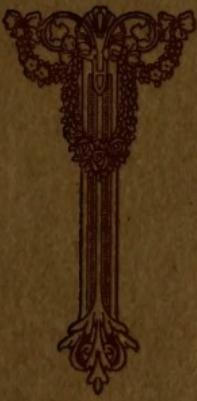


CRUMBS
of
COMFORT



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CRUMBS of COMFORT

by

EDITH MacLACHLAN

Author of Ruth : A Bible Love Poem

When Grandpa was a Boy

and other miscellaneous poems



LOVINGLY dedicated to the
sorrowing and suffering ones
also to my dear husband whose
appreciation of my writings is a
continual help and inspiration to me.



FOREWORD

THESE few poems are sent forth at the request of those who have received blessing and comfort through the reading of them.

IF through just a simple verse
I can clouds of gloom disperse,
I will deem it greater far
Than to be a wellknown star.
Not for worldly fame or praise,
Would I spend my earthly days ;
God's evangel I would be,
Like a lighthouse out at sea,
Shining through a stormy night,
Pointing to God's harbor bright.



CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

THESE crumbs of comfort were sent to
me
From Heaven above,
And in them now I pray you may see
A message of love ;
May every word some thought convey,
To help and cheer along Life's way.

Isiah 65. 24.

DOES our Father answer prayer ?
Yes, for us He ever cares.
E'en before our prayers we raise,
He is guarding all our days.
Marvelous and wonderful,
That He is so merciful.
Though so little we deserve
Still He gives without reserve.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

I S the way so dark before you
That you scarce know what to do ?
Look to Jesus, keep on praying,
He will surely see you through.
Keep on praying, keep on trusting,
Let the blessed sunshine in,
Through the Saviour you will conquer
And have perfect peace within.

What a loving Heavenly Father
To go with us all the way !
He will help in time of danger,
Lead us on to endless day.
O the joys that there await us,
When we safely reach the goal !
We will clasp the hand of loved ones,
Where eternal ages roll.

Brother, sister do not falter—
Keep the victory all the way.
Though the shades of evening gather,
God is with you night and day.
Keep the blessing through the sunshine,
Keep it also through the rain,
Through the days of doubt and trial,
And through sickness, loss or gain.



THE RESURRECTION MORN.

O HAPPY, blessed Easter morn,
What rapture thrills our souls :
No longer for the dead we mourn,
Bruised hearts are now made whole.

For as our Saviour did arise
Our loved ones will rise too,
When we will meet them in the skies
With bodies strong and new.

O glorious resurrection morn,
What peace awaits us there ;
All who in Jesus Christ are born
Will joys celestial share.

Our Lord will come the dead to raise
At morning, noon or night :
Then let us take heed to our ways
With lamps all trimmed and bright.

For on that glad triumphant day
God's waiting bride will rise,
And soar from earthly things away
To mansions in the skies.



PRAY ALWAYS

Psalm 55. 17.

In the morning when you rise
Kneel and pray,
For we know not what there lies
Through the day,
But our Father's mighty power
Keeps us through each trying hour.

Nothing can our peace destroy
While we pray,
Then our hearts are filled with joy
Through the day,
When the tempter comes along
We can chase him with a song.

When the duties round you press
Stop to pray,
God your soul will surely bless
Through the day,
For 'tis prayer alone can give
Life and health and strength to live.

Then when evening shadows fall
Kneel and pray,
Thank Him for His goodness all
Through the day.
Pray that He will guard and keep
Watching o'er you while you sleep.



DISCOURAGED.

DISCOURAGED with your lot in life
When things go all awry,
When through the worry and the strife
 You feel that you could cry ?
O faint ye not ! God's message hear,
“Keep close to me to-day,”
For He your drooping soul will cheer,
 If by His side you stay.

Discouraged at perplexities,
And things you can't control,
These obstacles and hindrances,
 Which on your pathway roll ?
You say, if in some other sphere,
I might accomplish much,
But God in wisdom placed you here,
 Some other life to touch.

Discouraged ? oh, these very things,
 Which seem to block your way,
The crosses, and the painful stings,
 Which come to you to-day,
Perchance are what your life so needs
 That fruitage may appear,
They perchance will pluck out the weeds
 And all obstructions clear.



Discouraged ? when you've tried and failed,

The enemy to shun,
Somehow just when his power assailed,
It seemed you could not run,
Though trying hard with all your might,
Still helpless you would be,
No strength to conquer in the fight
Or from his presence flee.

Discouraged one ! take hold of God,
'Tis when we lose our grip,
And we are not securely shod,
We stumble and we trip ;
He knows how weak and frail we are,
And will not let us fall,
Though many dangers lie afar,
He'll help us through them all.

Discouraged ! do not use this word,
For it is not the way
Of heroes brave of whom you've heard,
For "Courage" they did say ;
Then press right on to victory
Be bold, and brave, and true,
While marching home to Glory
Great exploits you will do !



COME REST A WHILE.

Mark 6. 31.

MY work must all be laid aside
Another day ;
Just why from it I now must bide
I cannot say—

But Jesus who our frame doth know
In wisdom wisely planned it so.

When in affliction's furnace tried,
Day after day,

We surely may in Christ abide,
All down the way,

And though we had our own work planned,
Just lay it down at His command.

We think of tasks there are to do,
Pile after pile—

But Christ said to the chosen few
“Come rest a-while.”

So let us stay, or gladly go,
The way our blessed Lord doth show.

Sometimes in music there are rests,
Throughout a piece,
Which make the work appear it's best
When sound doth cease,
For after silence notes are played
More beautiful for sound delayed.



And so within the walks of life
 The Master-hand
Doth lead us from the toil and strife
 For purpose grand—
That we may shine our very best
For having stood the times of test.

YIELDED.

I 'VE given all to Jesus,
 For he is more to me
Than aught this world can offer,
 I'm His eternally !
And when this life is over
 I'll live with Him on high
And sing through countless ages
 The songs that never die.



SEVERED TIES.

LIFE'S dearest ties are passing on
To yonder golden shore,
Though from our presence they have
gone
We love them more and more.

We miss these ties of Auld Lang Syne
And long to have them here,
To travel o'er the sands of time
With friends and loved ones dear.

And though we cannot understand
Why we should parted be,
'Tis always best, what God commands,
E'en though we cannot see.

His ways are far beyond our own —
So great and wise is He !
And when we meet around the throne
Life's problems all will flee.

Then let us trust Him all the way,
Whatever He doth send ;
For darkest night will turn to day
If we on God depend !



THE STREETS OF HEAVEN.

Zechariah 8. 5.

THE streets of that city are paved with gold

As transparent as glass they say
And their splendour me-thinks can n'er be told,

But we hope to see them some day.
What glorious sights we shall then behold
What ecstacies of delight
As we meet our loved ones both young and old
All arrayed in spotless white !

The streets of that city God's word doth say

Are full of both girls and boys,
Who run to and fro in the streets and play
Where naught can harm or annoy.

These children's voices me-thinks we shall hear,

In beautiful songs of praise,
And the tones will be so sweet and so clear
As they sing their cheerful lays.

The streets of that city called Heaven,
Though lovely beyond compare,
Will to some have attraction given
By the children playing there.

We may miss their prattle and laughter
When Angels bear them away—
But we shall be thankful hereafter
When we see them all at play.



The streets of that city up yonder,
Would not be like Heaven to me,
If in it no children did wander,
And play by the clear crystal sea.
Of course we will want to see Jesus !
But the next we all hope to see
Will be those who went on before us
With Jesus for ever to be.

ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

Romans 8. 28.

YES, all things work together for good,
Just how we cannot say—
The things which now are misunderstood
Will all come right some day.

The things which often perplex us here,
All the tangled threads of life,
Losses and crosses which now appear,
Will vanish when ends earth's strife.

All things ! oh what a tremendous thought !
The great things and the small,
Just everything in our lives is brought,
To shape His plan in all.



Working together not set apart
God wraps each single thread
And though the weaving at times will smart
We find it as He said.

If the bright threads Jesus used alone,
And laid the others aside,
A work of beauty would not be shown
But for shame His work would hide.

Then let us use every thread He gives
The dark ones and the light
Remembering that each day we live
Our Master's way is right.

May 1927.

THANKSGIVING.

Phil. 4. 6.

WE thank Thee O Father for all that
is good
For blessings so great and so true,
For all of Thy goodness each day and each
hour,
Just think of God's goodness to you !

Chorus :—

O count all your blessings to-day !
Yes, count all your blessings to-day,
Give thanks unto God for His goodness to
you,
And count all your blessings to-day.



The path may not always be easy and
bright,

But He who appoints us our way,
Knows just what is needful and just what
is best,

O think of His goodness to-day !

We thank Him for health and for friends
and for food ;;

For testings and trials now past ;
We found that He measured our strength
as our day,

Oh count all your blessings so vast !

It may not just seem that God prospers
your way,

Though you have done all that you knew,
Keep trusting in Jesus and thank Him this
hour

For all of His goodness to you.

If we would count all of the good things in
life,

And carefully scan the whole year,
Our crosses and losses might sink out of
sight

And numberless blessings appear.



RESIGNATION.

GOD understands when I cannot work
And be at my best for Him.

He knows that I will no duty shirk—
That the trouble's not within.

My time and talents are in His hand
To do as He deemeth best.

Some day I'll meet Him in that bright land,
And thank Him for every test.

Then let me work or calmly lie,
Just yielded to Father's will,
And never a moment question why,
He telleth me to be still.

He made us strong and healthy, or weak,
And knows what is best for each,
Then let us in all His goodness seek
Till the pearly gates we reach.

In Psalm thirty-seven, verse twenty-three,
The Psalmist a message gives
How God leads the way of you and me
If for Jesus we will live.

We delight to go the way He leads
Through sorrow, sunshine or rain,
And never a moment fret or plead
To live without tests or pain.



If perfected we must suffer here,
Be patient, tender and kind,
And when the pathway is dark and drear
The whispers of Jesus mind.
Help me, dear Father, Thy love to see
May I grow in grace each day—
A brighter and better Christian be
For trials along the way.

Perfect through suffering I would be,
If Jesus doth will it so.
Each day and each hour some blessing see
And alway His likeness show.
Just willing to follow right in line,
Wherever He leadeth me,
And never to murmur or repine
But thankful His child to be.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

HOME is the dearest place to me
Than all the world beside,
And though no more its haunts I see
My heart doth there abide.

The orchard and the trees I see,
The garden rich and gay,
The roses and the humming bee,
And fields of new-mown hay !



The scenes and friends of by-gone days
How sweet they are to me !

The babies with their winning ways
And boys so full of glee.

The Chapel, and the village choir,
Where oft I tried to sing,
Bells within the old church spire
Still in my memory ring.

The fun that Christmas time would bring
When we were girls and boys
The bells a-merrily would ring
And we all had new toys.

The Christmas singers in the night,
When all was calm and still,
Would carol forth a message bright,
Close by our window sill.

The holly, and the Christmas tree
Were looking at their best,
For Santa Claus had come you see,
While we had been to rest.

Those happy, bygone days are past,
But Christmas comes and goes ;
The days of childhood will not last
For youth to manhood grows.



The festive season still we keep,
And through Life's eventide,
A peaceful Christmas time we reap,
If in our Lord we hide.

Some dear home ties have left this earth,
To sing a sweeter song,
But still their hearts are filled with mirth,
When Christmas comes along.

Though unseen, here by mortal eye,
Their songs in Heaven abound ;
With white robed Angels of the sky
Their golden harps they sound.

Then let us all together strike
Seraphic songs of praise ;
In Heaven and earth may all alike
Their Alleluiahs raise !

“At Home” some Christmas day we'll meet,
Where partings are no more,
When all our own we hope to greet
Upon that peaceful shore.

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